

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

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MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER 23, 1899.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

West Virginia University.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.
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Faculty of 36 professors and instructors, 6 buildings, and a new one to be added at once. Its students last year, besides 121 students by correspondence.
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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEBEY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
ELKINS, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office and residence on route C. A. Yeager & Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

THE FIELD FLOWERS.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet wildings of Nature, I dote upon you.
For you wait me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood pigeon's note.

Made music that sweetened the calm.
Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune,
Than ye speak to my heart little wildings of June:
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of the spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes;
What loved little islands twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water lily restore;
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangled the shore?

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scented my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

—CAMPBELL.

County Sketches.

THE DEER HUNTERS.

A party of hunters came down out of the shelter of the trees into the rocky bed of Lost River. They had crossed over Pine Mountain, which separated the waters of Lost River and Deerlick Creek. All around the headwaters of Deerlick Creek and Lost River lay an unbroken wilderness. The party was guided by Jesse Marden, a prosperous farmer, whose love for the woods caused him to steal away from the worries of managing a large farm to the rest and freedom from care a sojourn in the woods insured. Gossiping neighbors could not see how he could spare the time, and he himself felt that he was doing wrong to go hunting, but the end of the year always showed Marden square with the world, while many of his prejudiced, criticising neighbors found themselves negotiating loans from the nearest bank to make their accounts balance. This may have been caused by their habit of keeping an eye fixed on their neighbor's business and leaving but one for their own.

On this occasion the hunt had been arranged for the benefit of Old Man Wallace Blume. After a long and busy life, at the ripe age of 78, when he held in possession the richest farms in the county and had a host of people in debt to him, he was seized with the longing that comes to most old hunters to kill one more deer before he died. The deer had retreated before the crashing forests until a day's journey lay between the homes of the hunters and the haunts of the deer. He turned to Marden and together they made up a party of six, all of whom had experience in hunting deer except one.

Whilst it was to be Old Blume's last trip into the woods, to believe the promise he made his anxious wife and daughter, it was Hawley Seymour's first. The latter was a young man child who was at the county seat beginning the practice of the law and trying to get the "hang of the thing." He was in that state where he spoke cheerfully of the "law as a hard mistress," and dreamed of "burning the midnight oil," annotating the Code, keeping a commonplace book, and so forth; not having realized how difficult it was to force

things in the practice of law.

He sought the acquaintance of the kind-hearted Marden for the purpose of joining him on one of his periodical hunts, and while Marden had had sad experience with soft-boned civilians who were no sooner in the wilderness than they began to hanker after the flesh pots of Egypt and cry to be taken home, he promised to take Seymour, and sent him word to come when the old patriarch Blume, 78 years old, made up the party and planned the trip. Marden had more misgivings about Seymour than he had about the old man as to how they would enjoy life in the woods.

The party went horse-back ten miles to a place where they turned their horses into a meadow where an unfenced haystack would afford them sustenance in case of snow, and prepared for a six hours tramp through the woods. Blume in consideration of his age rode a sure-footed mule. The hunters loaded themselves and the mule with camp supplies and they trailed over Pine mountain until late in the afternoon they saw the waters of Lost River glimmer through the trees beneath them and they emerged from the forest into the bed of the stream which formed the main thoroughfare of the wilderness they sought. By this time the hunters were all confused as to their whereabouts, not even excepting Marden, to whom his fellowmen turned instinctively when in the woods. He knew he was on Lost River, but whether the Shelving Rocks, the point they desired to make their camp, was up or down stream was more than any of them could determine.

"Do we go up or down, Jesse?" inquired Jacob Rodgers, and Marden was just about to say "up," when he noticed a blue pool beside a rock and remembered there he had caught a big trout once just before he came in sight of the Shelving Rocks, and he saved his reputation by saying: "Down! The rocks ain't over a quarter of a mile from here."

And so it proved. The hunters entered the pine thicket which marked the place and joyfully threw down the packs which had become so burdensome. Old Blume had grown fast to the saddle and was so set and stiff that he had to be lifted out bodily. But he was no sooner on his feet than he sniffed the pine-scented air and commenced fussing and ordering, things around like the old autocrat that he was.

Marden had taken an axe-head out of his haversack and had soon fashioned a helve from a sapling. With this he cut poles and peeled from the body of large spruce trees great pieces of bark, which were better than plank for roof and floor of a hunter's camp. Before night a camp had been built facing the rocks under the interlacing boughs of spruce trees. It was carpeted with feathery pine boughs. A huge log fire was burning against the rock, the heat being reflected back from the wall into the camp which was open only in front, and while a November storm was raging outside the hunters lay snug and warm by the camp fire.

Seymour was literally worn out by the day's work and wondered where the sport came in. He did not complain, and while he did not know it, he was regarded with a great deal of favor by the older hunters who had seen "tenderfeet" whimper before they had experienced half the hardship he had endured. They had fully expected to see him lay down his share of the load and hobble along with sore feet, and they were agreeably surprised to find that he had never faltered. He was too tired to eat supper and slept a dreamless sleep on the soft pine bed, while the other hunters saw that a fire of sugar and peach logs burned with a steady heat the whole of the wintry night.

By daylight breakfast was eaten and the hunters fired their guns and reloaded carefully, putting in "deer loads." It was before the repeating rifles had become common, but Blume and Seymour

each had a .38 Winchester of the 73 model. Old Blume essayed to climb the mountain near camp, and had to give it up. As hale and hearty as he was, a man 78 years old can not climb a mountain very well. He came back to camp early. Seymour did not know very well what he was looking for, and having no system in his work, soon got tired of it and drifted back to camp before he knew it, much to Old Blume's delight for he was getting lonesome. They kept camp together all day and helped the mule plentifully to the wild grass which grew on the banks of the stream.

The hunters dropped in one by one about dark until all were in except Marden. They had killed nothing.

Marden had loitered in likely-looking haunts nearly the whole day without seeing a deer. About the middle of the afternoon he had decided to soon turn the course of his hunt towards the camp, when he saw on the edge of a laurel thicket a movement such as might be made by a bird's wing. It occurred again and cautiously changing the point of observation caught the glint of the horns of a buck. What he had first seen was the deer's ear. He was so close that he dared not move, and he sent a ball towards the spot the buck's head should be. When the smoke cleared away nothing was to be seen. Hastily reloading, he went forward and looked through the laurel leaves and saw a fine deer lying dead with a bullet through his head. The deer was dressed and the feet criss-crossed so it could be slung on the shoulders. Marden made his toilsome way in to camp, coming into the circle of light with his burden, and was warmly welcomed by his campmates who feared they would have to subsist on bacon.

For several days the hunters met with no luck. There were signs that a party had been in that section earlier in the year with hounds. The deer stands were marked by the signs of the fires the standers had built to warm themselves on frosty mornings and at more than one stand remains of the offal of deer were to be seen which had been killed and dressed there. There were nightly indignation meetings over the unsportsmanlike acts of those who course deer with hounds. Nothing disgusted the still hunter like the ways of the deer chasers whose methods enable even the novice to kill a deer.

One evening as Old Blume and Seymour lay in camp swapping lies, (they had ceased going into the woods one being too old and the other too young), a couple of halfbred hounds, footsore and weary, came into camp whining for something to eat. Here were two deer hounds started maybe twenty miles away, that had followed their quarry over mountains and through streams to lose the scent at length and to visit a strange camp.

The dogs were fed and tied up. That night Blume announced his intention of trying a deer chase the next day, which was to be the last in camp. Marden was to take the dogs to the woods and he placed the standers. Seymour he sent to a stand on the stream at the head of a long shallow pool. Blume took a stand near camp where there was signs of two deer having been killed that year. The other hunters were stationed at other points and the stream was watched for some two miles.

The hunters crouched beside little fires, for the morning was keen and frosty. They listened for three soundings. The sound of a deer running at full speed down the mountain side; the cry of the hounds, which would indicate the course the deer was taking; and the sound of a gun, which would indicate that a deer had appeared and been fired upon by a stander.

Seymour had hardly gotten settled in his place before he heard the resonant cry of a bound on the mountain above him, and his nerves tingled as it drew nearer. He heard a faint splash and he

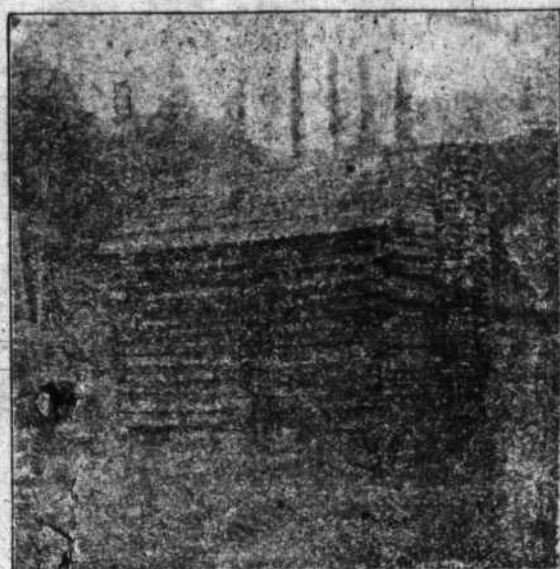
saw at the lower end of the long shallow pool an immense buck stealing quietly into the water. A younger deer would have come crashing through the undergrowth but this wary old buck feared to enter the opening in the forest caused by the river.

The hunter and the deer saw each other the same moment. The buck stopped and his hair raised. He stood fair to the hunter not fifty yards away. Seymour nerved himself to shoot but the muzzle of his rifle wavered back and forth. The gun seemed to weigh a hundred pounds. By a supreme effort he brought the gun to a level and fired, and the buck sprang out on the side of the stream he had entered it by, leaving a sickened and disheartened hunter to throw down

circle of sympathizing friends who watched over that last vain fight for life.

"Hawley," said the old patriarch "I have sent for you to tell you that I have done you a great injustice. You killed that big buck that we got on Lost River three years ago. You had shot him through and through and he ran until he came to my stand and dropped dead before I shot. I saw how it was and I fired my gun in the air. I want to make it right with you. If you say so I will call the folks in and tell them about it."

Seymour begged him not to give himself a moment's uneasiness about it. He reminded him that he was steeped in obligations from him, and that the loss of the glory



TEA CREEK HOUSE.
FROM Forest and Stream.

PHOTO BY NORMAN PRICE.

his gun and jump up and down on it in his misery.

Jesse Marden stood on the point of the mountain and heard the crack of Seymour's Winchester. "Too bad," he muttered. "That boy would never hit a deer. I never knew it to fail. A deer will run to a new hand every time. They seem to draw them."

"Novices luck" is recognized by the deer chaser.

His apprehension was confirmed when he heard the bound reach the river and come back up the mountain.

"Shot before the deer was fairly in the stream!" he muttered.

Still marking the course of the chase he heard a second rifle ring out on the still, frosty air. This was also a Winchester and came from higher up the river.

"Good!" he muttered. "Old Blume has got his chance and the deer is dead or he would have fired another shot."

The deer had tried a second crossing, and the party gathered around the carcass of the noblest seven-pointed buck that ever haunted the dreams of a hunter.

Seymour suffered the degradation usual in cases when a deer is missed, and the old patriarch put on airs about killing one of the two deer of the trip.

The next day they broke camp and reached home. The fame of the octogenarian who had killed the buck of the season spread far and wide. The two homeless dogs took to Jesse Marden, as did all animals and children, and found a good home with him.

Now Old Blume was the richest man in the county, and always after that trip to the mountains his law business was attended to by Seymour, and his influence was the main factor in enabling the young lawyer to make a living. In a year or two Seymour was elected to a lucrative office mainly by the efforts of Blume. Seymour considers that he owes more to that hunting trip than any other one thing in his career.

One dreary winter day a messenger came to Seymour's office and told him that Blume was dying. His fine constitution had succumbed to the ravages of time, and when his physician told him that his days were nearly numbered, he asked to see Seymour. The lawyer came to see him, and the old man cleared the room of the

of killing that deer was as nothing beside the good he had done him in a business way.

The old gentleman seemed immensely relieved. His friends noticed a change in him from that time on and the few remaining days given him were passed in peace. The whole neighborhood discussed that mysterious conference and the effect it seemed to have on the dying man's mind, and many were the weighty conjectures that were made of what passed at the interview. The truth was not known until this day, when we take the liberty of making it public.

Before he died the chastened Blume charged his daughter to give Seymour the antlers of the buck they had killed on Lost River. They hang in his office today but he has never really realized that he killed it. His remembrance of those bitter moments when he jumped on his gun have never left him.

Shock Like an Earthquake.

A magazine used by the Bradford nitro-glycerine factory to store the explosive, located at Gibsonsburg, Ohio, exploded Monday afternoon. The shock was felt within a radius of 40 miles, and the effect of the explosion in the immediate vicinity was terrific.

The magazine is located in the woods a quarter of a mile from any dwelling and this alone prevented great loss of life. Benjamin Card, a driver of a stock wagon, had brought a load of 720 quarts of nitro-glycerine from the factory at Bradford and was unloading it when the explosion occurred. Just how it happened will never be learned. Card and two horses driven by him received the full effect of the explosion. He was blown almost to atoms, only a few shreds of his body being found and pieces of horseflesh were hurled several miles.

It is supposed that Card had a companion, but this is not positively known. The explosion made a hole seven feet deep in the solid rock, and trees in the vicinity were torn to pieces. People within a mile of the place were knocked down, pictures fell from the walls, dishes were thrown from cupboards and houses moved from their foundations. All the windows in Gibsonsburg were broken. There were about 1500 quarts of glycerine in the magazine and on the wagon.

To Cure Grippe in Two Days
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box 25c.

HOG LAW.

Be it enacted by the Legislature of West Virginia:

1. That it shall be unlawful for owners to permit their hogs to run at large in the County of Harrison and should such hogs, whilst running at large, destroy or injure the personal or real property of another, the owner of the hogs shall pay the party double the damages sustained by him for such destruction or injury; and the party so injured shall have a lien upon the hogs for the payment of the said damages, and should they be found upon his premises, he shall have the right to maintain them until the damages and costs of keeping them are paid and he shall immediately advertise the said hogs for sale, to be sold at the end of ten days, unless the damages and costs of keeping are paid; in which case the hogs shall be delivered over to the owner. The time and place of such sale to be posted at two public places in the neighborhood, a copy of which advertisement shall immediately be delivered to the owner of the hogs if he be found within the county, and should the damages and expenses of keeping be not paid at the end of the ten days fixed for the sale, it shall be lawful for the party injured to sell the said hogs to the highest bidder for ready money, the proceeds whereof after deducting the amount of damages and costs of keeping shall be paid over to the owner of the said hogs, if he shall make application therefor within six months, and if no application be made within six months, that the said residue be paid over to the proper authorities of the county for the benefit of the school fund. That the provisions of this act shall extend to all the counties of the State; Provided that the county court may upon the petition of one hundred voters of the county, direct to have the same enforced in their said county or any district or districts thereof.

2. That this act be in force from its passage.

Sin.

My attention, says a writer in the Homiletic Review, was recently called to the following program of services for young men in connection with special revival services:

FOR STUDENTS.

A Normal Course in Sin.

Monday, Jan. 9—"History of Sin."

Tuesday, Jan. 10—"Geography of Sin."

Wednesday, Jan. 11—"Psychology of Sin."

Thursday, Jan. 12—"Arithmetic of Sin."

Friday, Jan. 13—"Algebra of Sin."

Monday, Jan. 16—"The Geometry of Sin."

Tuesday, Jan. 17—"Physiology of Sin."

Wednesday, Jan. 18—"Book-keeping of Sin."

Thursday, Jan. 19—"The Music of Sin."

Friday, Jan. 20—"The Latin of Sin."

Monday, Jan. 23—"the Grammar of Sin."

Tuesday, Jan. 24—"Chemistry of Sin."

Wednesday, Jan. 25—"The Botany of Sin."

Thursday, Jan. 26—"The Pedagogics of Sin."

Friday, Jan. 27—"The Delsarte of Sin."

I have been inclined to ask what must be the effect of this kind of sensationalism on those whom the preacher seeks to reach by means of it. I know that the preacher must be "all things" to all men in order to save some, and that every one must judge for himself what is required in particular circumstances in order to reach the unsaved, but it seems a little difficult for me to include such things among the "all things."—Philadelphia Record.

Do you keep chickens? Then you ought to have the Farm Journal. We have a clubbing arrangement with this great little paper by which we can send both papers for \$1. our paper one year and the Farm Journal five years, (all of 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904.) but you must pay IN ADVANCE—that's all. Pay up.

Dr. Miller's Nerve Plasters for Rheumatism.